

CHARIVARIA.

By the irony of circumstance, while London was fearing a food famine, Mr. ASQUITH was visiting "The Street of Abundance" at Pompeii.

"We will hold up meat; we will hold up flour; we will hold up the Government," said Mr. BEN TILLET. It would save a lot of trouble if they just held up their hands.

The Autocrat at work again! "When the KAISER was at Strasburg he visited a millinery establishment and chose a number of hats for the Empress and the Princess"—which, of course, they will have to wear.

"A Patriot" writes to suggest that St. Paul's Cathedral shall be heightened, and without delay. He points out that, whenever a huge vessel, such as *The Imperator*, is launched, she is compared with the height of St. Paul's, and always to the disadvantage of the latter, thus causing a great loss of prestige to this national edifice.

A schoolboy at St. Petersburg has shot his French professor because he had given him bad marks. It is thought that as a result of this incident the little fellows attending the State schools will in future be made to leave their fire-arms at home with their nurses.

Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL reports that as many as 3,000,000 books of stamps were sold last year. Fine as this total is we cannot help thinking that it might be exceeded if the little volumes were bound more attractively and entitled, "Twenty-four Portraits of the KING." The gift-book trade might be tapped in this way.

"Postage stamps," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "may now be procured from the new road guides of the Royal Automobile Club." This innovation should prove most useful in the case of a punctured tyre.

Some excitement has been caused among the babies of the Metropolis by the statement that the Post Office Tube Scheme means the doom of the Mail Cart.

The Anti-Premature Burial Society announces that it will be pleased to receive any information bearing on its

objects. This being so, we would draw its attention to the fact that *Henry VIII.* was successfully revived last week.

By-the-by, we regret to hear that there was a misunderstanding at a certain Fancy Dress Ball the other night. A somewhat weedy youth went as HENRY VIII., and was fancying himself hugely until an ill-informed friend came up and asked if he was *Peter Pan*.

The statement, published in several newspapers, to the effect that a pair of bitterns have nested at Stalham, Norfolk, has caused the greatest annoyance to the young couple concerned, who

wish one often hears expressed. In practical Georgia it has now actually been consummated. Miss CLARA LOUISE PARKER, the daughter of the Mayor of Cainesville, has eloped with her bridegroom's best man.

A contemporary states that a local regulation at Würzburg, in Bavaria, prohibits the use of black tiles for roofing purposes, and makes the employment of red tiles obligatory "so as not to interfere with the beauty of the landscape by the erection of differently coloured roofs." We understand that the untidy effect of the variegated hues of the local wild flowers is also engaging the anxious attention of the authorities.



THE EFFECT OF MR. VERONA BROWN'S MASTERPIECE, "THE VIKING CHIEF," IS BEING COMPLETELY SPOILT ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS BY HIS MODEL, WHO ENJOYS BEING RECOGNISED AS THE ORIGINAL.

were anxious to spend their honeymoon quietly.

Is the Latin-British Exhibition unfortunately named? We wonder. A small boy was certainly overheard, the other day, protesting with some heat, "No Latin exhibitions for me out of school hours, thank you."

An American widow has given up a fortune of £2,000,000 in order to marry a lawyer. Lawyers have to put up with so many insults that the fact that one of their number should be considered worth this huge sum has caused the liveliest satisfaction in their ranks and is almost the sole topic of conversation in Law Courts all over the world.

"May the best man win!" is a pious

THE MALTA SPECIAL.

"LORD KITCHENER landed at nine o'clock, in plain dark clothes, looking in perfect health and, as many remarked, every inch a soldier," says *The Daily Telegraph*.

Our Own Maltese Terrier supplements this special information. "You should have seen," he says, "the blush of pleasure that flooded the tanned cheeks of the warrior when he overheard the dear old ladies remarking that he looked every inch a soldier. Surely he must have felt that he was coming into his own."

"Mr. ASQUITH did not pass unnoticed, although *The Daily Telegraph* correspondent had not the good fortune to overhear what many remarked about him. 'He has the calm, self-possessed look, telling of a sense of power, that marks the statesman. That man will go far,' I

heard on every hand.

"Of the Admiral in command it was the general opinion that he appeared to have got his sea-legs and to be perfectly at home on the water.

"Looking quite the man in his long trousers and stand-up collar," was remarked of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL by the fortunate ones who happened to catch sight of him."

From an hotel advt.:-

"BATHS HOT AND COLD. Under the personal supervision of the proprietor." Most embarrassing.

"Newborn kittens chloroformed from a penny the litter; the poor free."

Advt. in "Exeter Express." This is the first real attempt to bring about a better feeling between the upper and the lower classes.

BACK TO NATURE,

*Showing the good that may come out of the apparent evil
of these recurring strikes.*

THERE is a saying—and the facts confirm it—
Ill blows the blast that suits not someone's case;
And I, who am by now a sort of hermit,
Bless the unlikely means of so much grace—
The GOSLING and the TILLET,
And all who make the worker chuck his billet.

For I have learned from these, our country's masters,
In one short year of intermittent strife,
How out of so-called national disasters
A thoughtful man may pluck the Simple Life,
And put himself in tune
With natural objects, like the sun or moon.

Until they called a strike upon the railways
Pedestrian transit seemed a solemn bore,
But now I tread the hills and bosky vale-ways,
Using the feet I never used before;
And get to see quite plain
Things that escaped me in a stuffy train.

I hear the song of birds in dewy thickets;
I smell the morning sweetness of the earth;
Also I save the money on my tickets
And incidentally reduce my girth;
And wish the strikers' blow
Had fallen on me years and years ago.

Then came the miners' move. This fresh diversion
Taught me to face the cold with active skin,
To seek for ardour in my own exertion
And cultivate the vital spark within,
And how a well-drilled soul
May learn to overcome the lust for coal.

Next came the tailors' turn, and off they toddled;
And, as I go to-day in outworn weeds,
I learn that leg-wear, though superbly modelled,
Can never satisfy the spirit's needs;
That, by the heavenly plan,
His worth, and not his waistcoat, makes the man.

And now the transport-navvies play at skittles,
And prices soar, and I must seal my throat
To frozen ox and other carnal victuals
On which it was my daily use to bloat;
I sign a non-beef pledge,
And am content to live on home-grown veg.

So if, a changed man, I have ceased from nozzling
The softer luxuries it is because
Of teachers like the TILLET and the GOSLING,
The men who make our sumptuary laws,
Laying their high embargoes
On trains and trousers, coal and meaty cargoes.

Yes, if I live (on herbs) the life ascetic,
Like nomad fakirs, with my limbs half nude,
Without a hearth and wholly sympathetic
With Nature in her most primeval mood,
My thanks are due to these,
From whom I learned to tramp and starve and freeze.

O. S.

The Coming Manhood of Woman.

"Teacher (interim female) wanted at once."

Advertisement in "The Scotsman."

AMALIE BOPP.

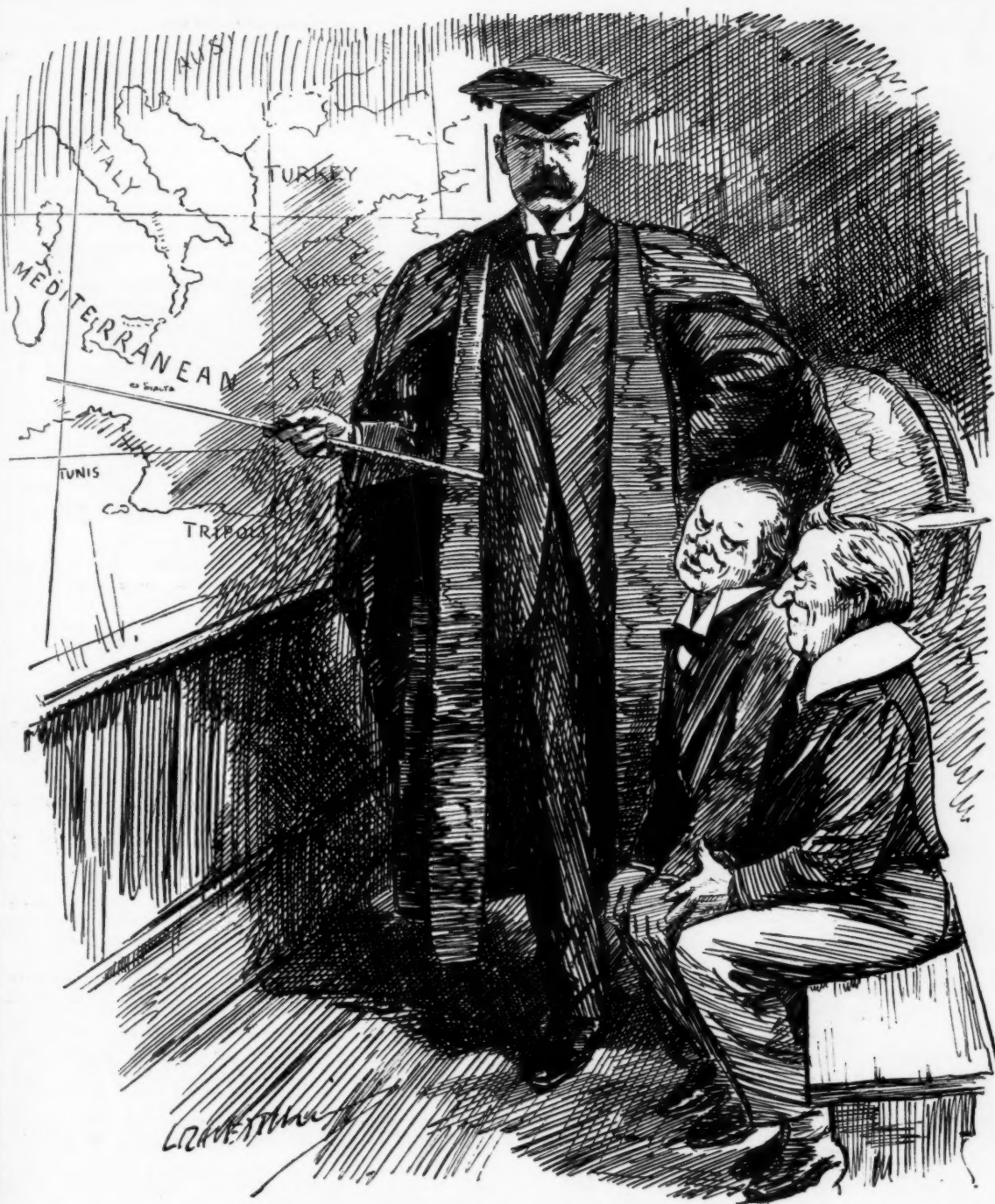
AMALIE BOPP came into my life about five years ago, stayed in it for a few days, and then vanished into space, leaving no trace of herself and her woes.

It happened in this way: One morning, on coming down to breakfast, I saw on the hall-table an oblong letter of the usual foreign kind. It was directed to Fräulein Amalie Bopp at my address and bore the postmark of a German town. So far as I was aware no lady of this distinguished name graced my establishment, nor had I ever in the course of a long and blameless life come upon any Bopp. The ruler of the house, too, disclaimed all knowledge of her, and the servants, amongst whom I diligently inquired, each and all scorned the imputation of a Bopp. The butler, an old and privileged servant, went so far as to say that he had never heard of a person of the name of Bopp, that he firmly believed therefore that no such person had ever existed, but that it was highly probable that this mysterious letter was in some inexplicable way the first step in a scheme for committing a burglary, it being well known that burglars were very artful, and that one of them might easily assume the name of Bopp if he thought it would forward his design upon the plate and valuables. He himself, he declared, would redouble his vigilance and have the bolt in the back door put right at once.

Nothing burglarious, however, happened, and four days afterwards another letter, equally Boppian in every respect, arrived. The mystery was now beginning to get upon my nerves. I had inquiries made in the village; I wrote letters to relatives asking them whether a Bopp had lurked in their past or was glorifying their present. All was in vain. Everybody I applied to refused to confess to Amalie Bopp.

Thereupon I decided to open one of the letters, in order, if possible, to discover some clue in it. It was written in German, and it breathed passionate devotion and unalterable love in the longest sentences. It began (I translate)—"My inmost beloved Amalie," and it proceeded to assure her that all that she had ever heard or read about affection was but a pale mockery compared with the emotion that was devastating the writer's bosom. He recalled their former meetings and the trembling of her little hand when once, greatly daring, he had clasped it in his. He asked what life would be without love, and answered his question by asking what the day was without the sun and the night without the moon or the stars. He poured scorn on the "feelingless creatures" who were content to live alone and without love in a world of dark shadows, and declared that for his part the only thing that sustained him was the hope of meeting his Amalie before the year was out. He urged her to reply promptly and signed himself (I translate again), "Your constantly faithful and adoring bridegroom, Hermann Dunkelbaum." I blushed at my indiscretion in reading these tender avowals, wrote "Not known at this address" across both envelopes, posted the two letters back to Hermann at his address, and dismissed him and Bopp from my mind.

In the following week my brother-in-law arrived with his family from South Africa and came down to stay with us. There was a wife, there were a few children, there was naturally much luggage, and there was a maid, a stout and stately sort of female grenadier, who, through her spectacles, must have witnessed the passing of some five-and-forty years. When the commotion caused by their arrival had subsided and the new inhabitants had to some extent settled down into their places, I found myself with my brother-in-law in the library. The conversation ranged



THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

DR. KITCHENER. "NOW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MEDITERRANEAN?"

MASTER CHURCHILL. "WELL, IT LOOKS A NICE PLACE FOR SHIPS; BUT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WE'VE BEEN CONCENTRATING OUR ATTENTION ON THE NORTH SEA LATELY, HAVEN'T WE, HERBERT?"

MASTER ASQUITH. "THAT IS SO."





THE "H. G. WELLS" CAR, SPECIALLY DESIGNED NOT TO PROVOKE LABOUR UNREST.

[Mr. WELLS, in his Labour Unrest articles in *The Daily Mail*, hinted that the parade of costly motor-cars constitutes a Spectacle of Pleasure which tends to irritate the labouring classes.]

over familiar topics, and was dying down into the puffing of pipes, when he suddenly asked me if I had noticed his wife's maid. I said I had casually glanced at her and thought her a formidable person.

"Yes," he said, "she looks formidable, but she's really the most soft-hearted and romantic old fool that ever lived. She's engaged to be married to a young fellow about half her age, and she talks about her love for him and her rapture at being near him and hoping to see him, as if she were a girl in her teens—but I suppose it's a way Germans have."

"A German, is she?" said I. "Did you pick her up in South Africa?"

"I did. And, by the way, she's expecting letters from him. Have any arrived?"

Even then I failed to realise what was happening. I said, "No, I think not. But what's her name?"

"Her romantic name is Bopp—AMALIE BOPP."

"Ha, ha! Then that's it," I shouted.

He was startled. "What's it?" he asked.

"Bopp's it"—and I told him what had happened to the letters.

The upshot was that I had to interview Amalie, and endeavour to explain to her why, though her lover had faithfully written, there were no letters for her. She did not cry; she composed herself into a stony despair. "He is so chealous," she said, "he will nefer belief dis story. He vill say, 'Amalie has seen anozer man. She like him better. She sent back my letters.' I know he vill not hef me now. He vill ask me to sent him back de faist-boggle he gif me"—she pointed to a gaudy clasp that adorned her belt—"and he vill sent me back de shafing brosh I gif him. It is all ofer, Sir; you hef ruined two yong lifes."

It was in vain that I attempted to soothe and comfort

her. She threw up her situation, and in three days set off for her home in the Black Forest. Whether she saw her Hermann again, and how she fared with him, I have never been able to discover. That, so far as I am concerned, was the end of Amalie Bopp.

A MODEST INVOCATION.

O POWER, O Goddess, or what name you please,
O Ruler of our cricket destinies

(Perhaps most easily exhorted here
Simply as Fate), I beg of you your ear.

Little I pray for; not as, years ago,
When I was over-sanguine, as you know,

I asked you earnestly to do your best
To let me make a century in a Test,

Or in a *Gentlemen v. Players* take
Ten wickets in an innings (slow leg-break),

Or even win some desperate County match
By bringing off a most amazing catch.

Those dreams are vain. You can be (no offence)
On such occasions very, very dense.

But, Fate, I still invite you to concede
A very reasonable point indeed:

This, and this only (as the Poet says)—
To change about my last year's averages.

Oh, I shall be the happiest of men
If you will kindly manage this, for then

My batting average will be 58,
My bowling average 1.4, O Fate.

A DESPERATE CONTEST.

My Whitesutide was very nearly spoilt by David's announcement on Saturday morning that his rheumatism would prevent him meeting me in the Pentathlon I had arranged. The five events in which I had decided to beat him were lawn-tennis, golf, the hundred yards' dash, the running broad leap, and remaining in a stationary position under water without breathing.

"I'm so sorry," said David as he limped up and down the lawn to show me. "It suddenly came on in my bath."

"Perhaps if you went up and had another bath it would suddenly come off."

"It's a funny thing, I've never had it before."

"You're much too young to have it now," I said crossly. "Wait till you're bald before you begin talking about rheumatism. Anyhow, you might at least have had your hair cut," I added, glad to notice some legitimate cause for complaint.

"Perhaps it's gout. A legacy from my great-grandfather."

That annoyed me still more. David and I have always split our great-grandfathers with each other; indeed, he has even gone so far as to share his last grandfather with me too. So I have as much right to gout as he has.

"Well, you've got to do something to amuse me," I said. "I'm feeling particularly active this morning, and unless I play some game or other I shall go mad and bite somebody."

"I'll tell you what: I'll play you a game of bowls."

"Bowls?" I asked suspiciously. "Have we got any?" It occurred to me that David might have been leading up to this. Perhaps, without the knowledge of his family, he had taken lately to secret bowling.

"Four croquet balls," he said airily, "and something for a jack. Of course they won't have any bias, but—"

"Jack" and "bias" made me rather nervous. I didn't like it.

"What about the skip?" I asked bravely. David looked blankly at me. "Well, never mind," I said, breathing more freely, "we'll do without one."

I played the red and yellow balls against David's black and blue, the jack being an orange. As he took this in his hand he was palpably nervous, and in his excitement he rolled so vigorously that it left the lawn, hopped across the path, and buried itself in the shrubbery.

"What do I get for that?" I asked.

"I don't quite know what the rule is. I suppose I throw it again."

"Yes, but I ought to get something. About six, I should say, would be a fair amount."

We had a little argument, David flatly refusing to give me anything. At last I split the difference and took three. The score was now *England, 3; Australia, 0*—and we went into the shrubbery to look for the jack.

"Let's leave it," said David after five minutes, "and have an old tennis ball instead."

"No, no, we must have the orange." My idea was that when the red and yellow balls saw it they would instinc-

"The ground's like ice," he said by way of apology, and led the way once more into the bushes.

"There must be something more in the game than this," I said as I followed him, "or why should W. G. be so keen on it? I can't help feeling that I ought to be doing something with my croquet balls soon."

However, as I was leading by 6 to 2, I couldn't complain; and even when the search for the jack lengthened into twenty minutes or more I kept up my spirits with the thought that I was winning a brilliant victory at one of the most subtle of our national pastimes.

"This is rotten," said David at last;

"I'll get a tennis ball."

It was my turn to throw it, and I immediately had a great success, for the jack not only stayed on the lawn, but settled itself at a distance sufficiently far from us to satisfy David.

"Do I get anything for doing that?" I asked. "I'm the first that's done it."

I put a lot of top spin and bias on Red and sent it after the tennis ball. It proceeded in a bee line until it got within a yard, and then swerved and hurried past at a tremendous pace. "Stop, you fool!" I shouted; "you've got there!" but it took no notice and plunged into the bushes.

Slowly and with greater dignity Black followed it; while Blue and Yellow, having learnt their lesson, proceeded no further than the path.

"What do we get for that?" I asked.

"Nothing," said David.

"They're all out of bounds."

"Then I'm still 6 to 2?"

"The real score," said David, "is nothing to either of us."

"The game appears to have reached rather an exciting stage. Tell me, how shall we recognise the moment when we come to the end of it?"

"The first to get 10 is the winner."

He marched to the bushes, and I limped thoughtfully beside him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

I sat down and began to rub my knee.

"Rheumatism," I said. "I can feel it coming on. It's very unfortunate that it should happen at this critical moment, but there it is."

"I thought you had to be bald before you talked about rheumatism," said David sarcastically.

"And so we both shall be," I said, "by the time this game is won."

A. A. M.



Chemist. "THIS IS A TWO-AND-SIX SIZE FOR TWO SHILLINGS."
Boy. "AIN'T YOU GOT A SIXPENNY BOTTLE TO GIVE AWAY?"

tively nestle together against it. I persevered therefore in my search, and after another five minutes found it hiding behind a sweet-briar.

"I'll throw it this time," I said, "as you aren't safe with it." And I rolled it very gently ten feet away.

"That's not far enough."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, it obviously must be farther away than that."

"Don't say I've bowled a no-ball too. What do you want for it? It was a better one than yours, anyway."

We had another discussion, and I finally decided to allow David two. Thus the score, after twenty minutes' exciting play, was *England, 3; Australia, 2*. Unhappily David again over-bowled himself and sent the jack into the shrubbery.

THE INTRUDER.

WHEN Cohen came, the county sought
To entertain and fête
The multi-millionaire who 'd bought
The Goodleigh-Gore estate;
By steed and car, by rod and gun,
He proved his native worth,
And Loamshire deemed her new-found
son

The happiest man on earth.

But no one guessed the haunting dread
That chilled him to the bone,
When Cohen sought his Stuart bed
Or Cohen dined alone;
The vengeance of a by-gone age
That lurked behind the doors,
The ghostly threats, the sullen rage
Of ancient Goodleigh-Gores.

And none but Cohen heard the jeers
That echoed in the hall,
And only he could feel the sneers
That hung on every wall,
Where ruffled lord and wimpled dame
Convulsed him with a stare,
Or (worse) conversed from frame to
frame,

As though he wasn't there.

About the hall gaunt shapes of steel
Told tales of long ago,
Grim yarns of death that made him feel
Distressingly *de trop*;
As men who knew the hideous wrong
He'd wrought their sacred realm,
They gaped derision loud and long
From out each yawning helm.

And Mistress Ellen Goodleigh-Gore,
Who patronised the Keep,
And for five hundred years or more
Had spoiled her kinsmen's sleep,
Plucked trembling at her snood and
cried:

"Alack and wellaway!

'Tis would that I had never died
To see so sad a day."

MR. BOURCHIER ADAPTS
HIMSELF.

A PARAGRAPH in the morning papers has been telling us of the difficulties encountered by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in having to reappear as *Henry VIII.* without sufficient time to grow another new beard. We are told, however, that "partial success attended his efforts." We anticipate some future movements of this conscientious artiste:—

June 8.—It is announced that early in the autumn Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will appear as *Othello*, in a special *matinée* of that tragedy, in aid of the distressed wigmakers. After a protracted interview with a well-known complexion specialist, the popular actor has left for the Soudan, there to undergo a drastic course of sun-baths.



Prize-Fighter (entering school with his son). "YOU GIVE THIS BOY O' MINE A THRASHIN' YESTERDAY, DIDN'T YER!"

Schoolmaster (very nervous). "WELL—I—ER—PERHAPS——"

Prize-Fighter. "WELL, GIVE US YOUR 'AND; YOU'RE A CHAMPION. I CAN'T DO NOTHIN' WITH 'IM MYSELF."

September 4.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, whose realistic triumph as *Othello* last night was one of his finest achievements, is at present allowing his magnificent colour to evaporate. During the process of bleaching, which is expected to last about three weeks, the stage of the Garrick Theatre will be occupied by the following revivals, in each case the actor-manager himself sustaining the chief rôle:—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Romany Rye* and *Arizona*. Towards the end of the month it is expected that Mr. BOURCHIER may be able to begin his impersonation of the hero in *A White Man*.

October 30.—The sensational capture of an alleged gorilla in Charing Cross

Road, as reported by several of our contemporaries, has now been explained. We understand that the fullest apologies have been tendered to Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (who is at present rehearsing the part of *Caliban* for his forthcoming revival of *The Tempest*) for any inconvenience to which he may have been subjected by the action of certain hasty and ill-informed zoologists.

"The president suggested that any delegate who stood when he was on his legs should be ejected. Had this proposal been carried out two hours later half the delegates would have been engaged throwing the other half out."

Daily News and Leader.

Very difficult. We can never do our chucking-out when in a sitting posture.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE BLUSH-BATTERY AND OTHER THINGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—With panniers and ringlets, blushing has come in, the eyelids are occasionally lowered, fans are fluttered (not waved), and, instead of the dear, nicky little expressions that are such a comfort and used to help one so sweetly on one's way through life, it's correct to be just a little bit rather formal and *arrangée* and to use *whole* words and not nice little *bits* of words.

As blushing is by way of being a lost art, Fallalérie, of Bond Street, has brought out a darling, teeny weeny "Panniers-and-Ringlets Blush-Battery." It lies just cosily *perdu* under a necklace, and, in fingering your necklace in the dear old, bashful, moss-grown way, you just touch the tiny battery when you think a blush would be *convenable*, and you get a little shock that not only produces the requisite blush, but lowers the eyelids at the same time.

Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who is always very much on the premises, is all panniers and ringlets just now, but she doesn't subdue herself *quite* enough to be altogether It. Norty told me she was his partner at dinner the other evening, and she was so enormously ringletty and so alarmingly lively and confidential that her ringlets were several times in his soup! She had such an *affreux* experience with her blush-battery at the Flummerys' last night! She was chatting to Curly Chaloner, and really, my dear, was playing up to her ringlets and panniers *à merveille*—head a little drooped to one side, fan fluttering, toes of her shoes put primly together, little, breathy mid-Victorian laugh at nothing in particular—all quite well done. Then she thought a blush would come in handy, and she fingered her necklace and pressed her tiny battery. Whether there was something wrong with the thing or she pressed too hard, no one seems to know, but anyhow the blush went wrong—it was much too deep, and it wouldn't go away, and her eyes, instead of drooping, opened quite *quite* wide, and she came out of her chair with a jump! Poor old dear! she looked simply horrid! They took her into the air and the battery was taken off. People say there'll be a slump now in Fallalérie's patent blush-producers.

The Million-Years-Ago dance at the Piccadilly Gallery was a shrieking success. It wasn't really a dance, for, of course, as long ago as that we were all monkeys, and everyone made up

accordingly. The Gallery was turned into a lovely forest, and, instead of dancing, people just rushed about, climbed the trees, and played hide-and-seek among them, chattering all the time in monkey fashion. Nothing but nuts at the buffet. The Bullyon-Boundermere people managed to get in somehow, and he made such an absolutely top-hole orang-outang that everyone almost quite forgave them for being there. Tiny Flummery came as a hurdy-gurdy monkey, in a little green velvet frock and cap, with cymbals to clash. Norty said it was an absurd anachronism, for, as there were no hurdy-gurdies a million years ago, there couldn't be any hurdy-gurdy monkeys in velvet frocks and caps, with cymbals to clash. I asked dear Professor Dimsdale about it, and he said certainly it was an anachronism, but that the whole affair was an anachronism, because a million years ago there were not only no hurdy-gurdies but no monkeys either, and we were all floating about in the water in the form of jelly-fish.

That's a lovely idea for a hot-weather party, isn't it, dearest? The only difficulty would be in getting up as a jelly-fish. But no doubt Olga would be able to do something for us in greeny-white *mousseline-de-soie*, with plenty of sequins and silk sea-weed.

Hugh Daubeny, the Flummerys' artist cousin, has cut the old traditional stodgy school of painting, as represented by the Academy (which never accepted *one* of his works), and has done *ever* so much better since he struck out *entirely* on his own, following neither the old nor any of the new styles. He paints everything *double*, my dear, just as we really *see* things till it's corrected by something in the back of our heads or somewhere. He has a one-man show on at Mayfair Hall, which is making a *giddy* sensation. I went there yesterday, and thought it simply most *enormously* clever! There's a portrait of dear Stella Clackmannan that looks twenty-five feet high and has a double set of features. It's so appalling that you feel at once it must be a work of the *highest* genius.

Oh, my dear, your Blanche is coming out in rather a new *role*. It's in this way. Some distant people of ours, the Havilands, asked me to chaperon a boy who's lately dropped into the title rather unexpectedly (he succeeded a first uncle once removed, or something of that kind). His mother's a quiet country widow, who knows rather less than nothing about anything, and she asked me to introduce her boy in town this summer, show him the ropes, and

"form" him. *Figurez-vous cela!* He's quite a nice boy and threatens to be handsome when he's a little less of an *ingénu*. At present he's got the *quaintest* beliefs and convictions. It seems almost a pity to cure him of them—they make him so amusing! He thinks all women are angels. "Quite right, my dear boy, and very sweet of you!" I told him. "We are all angels as a rule—only every woman you meet is an exception!" Another of his lovely ideas is that people give parties "for the pleasure of *seeing* their friends!"

With regard to our juvenile-antiques, too, he shows himself fearfully young. He said of one of our most popular evergreens, "Why does that old woman dress and behave as if she were nineteen? I call it disgusting." "Bo-Bo," I told him, "there are no old women, *mon cher*. In civilized society, every woman is considered young till she's proved old—and even then she's strongly recommended to *mercy*! And as for Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, younger boys than *you* have been seriously *épris* of her not so very long ago, and last year Ninny follyott tried to shoot himself because she said she wouldn't marry him—or because she said she would—I really forget which."

Truly he brings the scent of the hay over the footlights, and yet he can say things sometimes. The other day he asked me whether the avoidance of the obvious, in which he's been duly trained, should be carried so far "that a fellow ought *not* to admire the prettiest and most charming woman he knows?" I thought it very nicely put, and with a look, too, that shows he's making quite progress. It's a pretty little point that I shall certainly bring up for discussion at the next symposium of the *Antibanalities*. I told Bo-Bo, "That is perhaps the *only* case in which an *Antibanalite* may commit the obvious without reproach. You are learning your lesson, my dear boy, and have a proper horror of the usual and the expected, but even in *that* you must have an eye on the swing of the pendulum. It's getting so usual now to be unusual that by-and-by the most unusual thing will be to be quite usual."

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The initial cost of the war to Germany, Mr. Lawson tells us, was £77,550,000. But France paid an indemnity of £213,000,000, and ceded the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which have been valued at £64,000,000. These two sums amount to £199,450,000, which subtracted from £77,550,000, left the Germans with a balance of £220,000,000, all but half a million."

Saturday Review.

We don't know how France felt about it, but it leaves us quite broken.

TWO OF OUR CONQUERORS.

A CONTRAST.

It is a fortunate circumstance for Londoners that at the same moment PAVLOVA and GENÉE are dancing divinely in rival halls; for probably there have never been more remarkable or more charming priestesses of Terpsichore than these, and both are at their best. Too long has America claimed GENÉE; but now that she is our own again let everyone who prizes thistle-down steps, humanity and fun hasten to see her.

With the Palace, where PAVLOVA reigns and enthalls, and the Coliseum, which GENÉE just now is touching with radiance, so close together, a comparison between this blest pair of dancers is almost inevitable; and certainly it is odorous, for there is so much room for both. They do not compete; they supplement each other and make a perfect harmony.

Although theirs the same lovely and joyous art, the two dancers could not well be separated by wider divergences: the one the product of that strange, sombre, decadent country where East and West meet and barbarism seems never far distant; the other a merry blonde from busy prosperous Denmark. Each appeals to a different mood. When it comes to actual dancing—to the precision and fluidity of the steps and movements—there is little to choose; PAVLOVA may be perhaps a shade more astoundingly accomplished. But for the most part our preference is not for the execution but for the executant. We like PAVLOVA best, or GENÉE best, according to our temperament, or according, as I say, to our mood. PAVLOVA is more languorous, more dangerous, more exotic; GENÉE is quicker, gay and jocund. PAVLOVA has more than an Oriental suggestion; GENÉE is one of us—a Northerner. PAVLOVA is *au fond* melancholy; GENÉE is a kitten.

The Russian is more beautiful; she has, as one imagines, a rarer beauty than any of her most illustrious predecessors, most of whom had a tendency to thick ankles and powerful legs. PAVLOVA might never have done anything but ride in a carriage or recline on a sofa—so soft and graceful is she; and her shoulders are never to be forgotten. But her face lacks expression. Her face, one says; yet as a matter of curious fact PAVLOVA has two faces, not as Janus had, but as a charming woman may have who is capable of apathy. One is amiable, the other is set, and they are strangely different: almost they might belong to different persons. PAVLOVA has two



Dear Old Lady. "THEY TELL ME THERE'S A VERY BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF THE 'HUNNEMANNIA FUMARIEFOLIA' IN THIS EXHIBITION. PLEASE TAKE ME TO IT!"

faces and only one expression for each; and here is one of the chief points of contrast between GENÉE and herself, for GENÉE is not only a dancer but an actress, with a play and range of animation on her little mischievous upturned features such as many an actress who is actress and nothing else would give her pearls for.

In the little piece in which GENÉE is now performing—an episode in the life of one of the most famous dancers of all, the Belgian CAMARGO—most of the emotions pass across her face: joy, disappointment, triumph, hope, fear, content; while now and then, as when she pretends that the king has repaid the boon, she is the incarnation of roguishness and the very spirit of teasing.

PAVLOVA would be lost here—just as GENÉE would be lost in the Bacchanale, although not so completely. PAVLOVA

one can see making some kind of a brave effort with the king and the unhappy young soldier, although never to the point of touching the emotions, as GENÉE does; but GENÉE one cannot imagine for a moment in the vinous amorous ecstasy of that wonderful autumnal riot. Therein lies the essential difference between the two superb artists. PAVLOVA is for the sophisticated; GENÉE for the simple.

GENÉE's little play should be seen for its *ensemble* as well as for GENÉE. The story is a pretty one; the setting is distinguished; the costumes and colours are a delight. If only the Coliseum management would announce on the posters and in the advertisements the precise hour at which it begins all London would arrange its time to go there; but, as it is, many persons are not prepared to face the rest of the programme.



Mistress (whose chauffeur has just informed her that Fido has been shut up in the stable because he leapt up at a strange lady in the road). "HOW ODD OF HIM! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE THOUGHT IT WAS ME?"
Chauffeur. "COULDN'T SAY WHAT HE THOUGHT, MY LADY."

THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

A Subterranean Episode.

SHE was not built upon a beauteous plan;
 I did not like her face or features much,
 The lady who was talking to the man
 Behind the little hutch.

But something fine about her, something free,
 Kept me in rapture gazing well content,
 While Time rolled onwards to Eternity
 And trains arrived and went.

Merely her cheek it was—like some fair flower
 Blooming in that illimitable cave;
 She seemed to think the station was her bower,
 The booking-clerk her slave.

She did not seem to heed the traffic's sound
 Nor the dull cries behind her, moan on moan;
 She seemed to think the Electric Underground
 Was gouged for her alone.

Lightly she stood and talked, now rash, now coy,
 Touching the purchase of her cardboard gage;
 She toyed with that young man as children toy
 With coney in a cage.

I had not been surprised to see her drag
 (So deaf she seemed to all besides her whim)
 Lettuces out of her portentous bag
 And poke them through to him.

I said she kept me charmed, though others swore;
 Still, there are limits; men have work to do;
 One cannot linger spellbound evermore,
 Not on the Bakerloo.

And so my murmurs swelled at last the bruit
 Of clamorous men behind, a restive swarm,
 Nor caring greatly what infernal route
 Carried her precious form,

If only she would choose, and choose quite quick;
 For all the tides of London's life were still,
 And the hushed gates, forgetful how to click,
 Paused for her sovran will.

Joy came at last; she plunged for Gloucester Road,
 And raked her reticule with dubious frown,
 Harried the hundred gauds therein bestowed
 And fished up half-a-crown,

And, lingering, took her change and turned away;
 But not before she flashed, as women can,
 One glance at me—one glance that seemed to say,
 "You are no gentleman."

No gentleman indeed! I followed her
 Musing, "Has Justice, have the gods forgot?"
 Ah well! the bolts of Ate sometimes err,
 But this time they did not.

O soothing balsam for a bosom's sore!
 Out of her careless hand, I'm pleased to say,
 She dropped that ticket on the tube-lift floor;
 I left it where it lay.

EVOL.

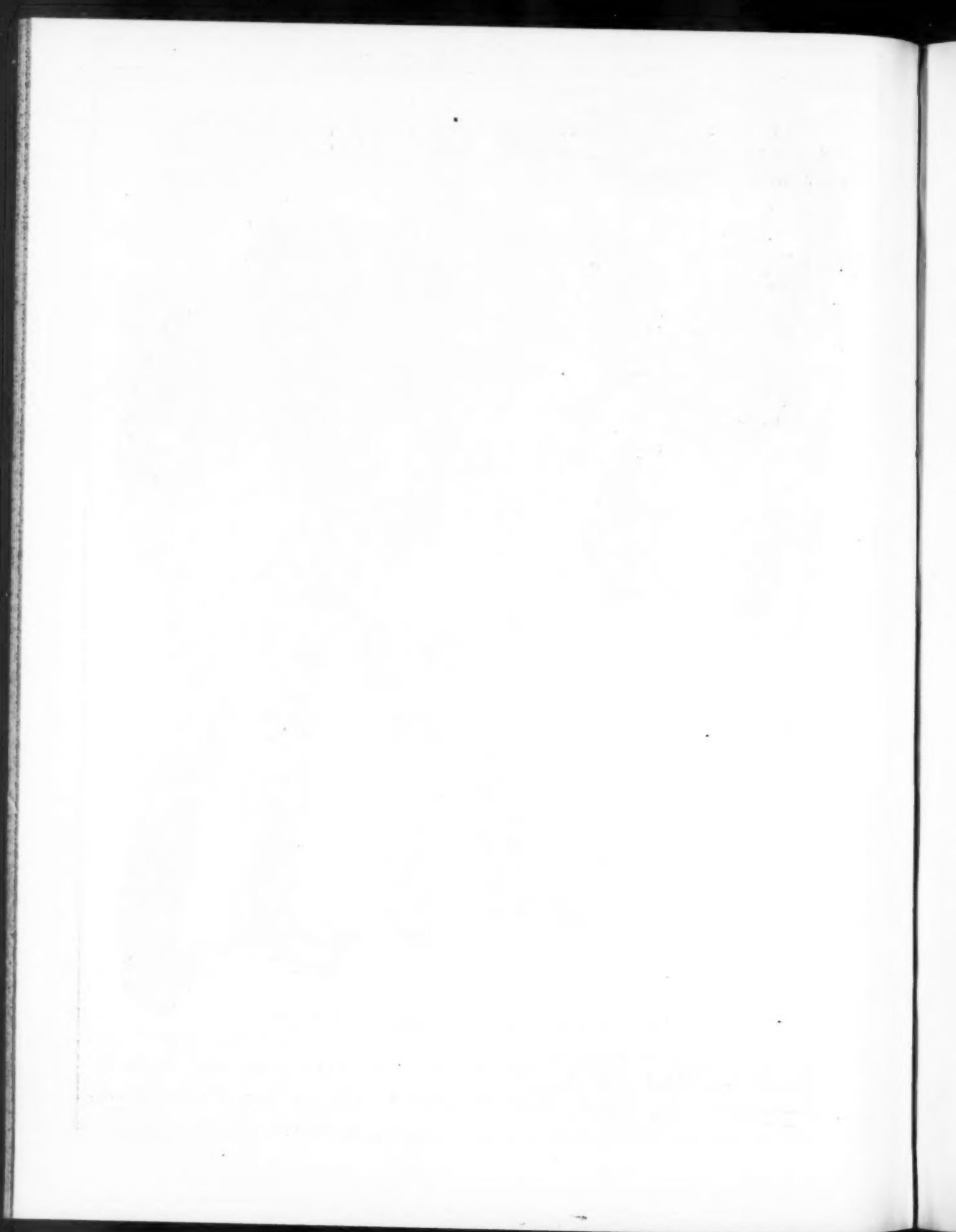


THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

TRADE UNIONIST. "WHO'S THE LADY?"

MR. PUNCH. "THAT'S JUSTICE. SHE WEIGHS ARGUMENTS FIRST, AND THEN, IF NECESSARY, SHE USES HER SWORD."

TRADE UNIONIST. "AH! THAT'S WHERE WE DIFFER. I'M ALL FOR STRIKIN' FIRST, AND ARGUIN' AFTERWARDS."





"GHASTLY BUSINESS, THIS TAILORS' STRIKE—WHAT! HAVIN' TO GO ABOUT IN ABSOLUTE RAGS."

A VILLAGE CRIME.

Being a breach of law as laid down by the new Shops Act.

I WAITED while Mr. Buffin weighed and sold an ounce of hardbake to a small child. Then, leaning jauntily on my cane and speaking in the bland manner, slightly tinged with hauteur, that I reserve for shopping, I said, "I will take, if you please, a penny bottle of blue-black ink."

I have known Mr. Buffin, of our general shop, for nine years. Every month I pay him a princely sum in settlement of what he calls his "book," and our relations have ever been based on feelings of mutual trust and respect.

But as soon as I had spoken I saw that something had changed. He lifted a packet of Righto Starch diffidently from the counter and put it down again. He closed the promising career of an active and bustling young wasp with half-a-pound of Stodger's Cocoa. Then, with a new look of constraint in his eyes, he forced himself to speak:

"I'm sorry, Sir," he said, "I can't serve you."

I sat down abruptly on an up-ended

egg-box. By all the rules of the game he should have said, "And the next thing?" or "Can I send it?"

I had not received such a blow since that dark day when Araminta—but we need not go into that.

If my account had been overdue!—but last month's bill for, let us say, ninety pounds odd, had been faithfully discharged.

"I should have said," he corrected himself, "that I can't serve you with ink; you see"—he craned his neck to look out between the jujube bottles in the window—"you see, the police—"

So it had come to this! Often and often good and brave men—Editors—had begged me not to write, not to send them *all* my burning thoughts on bi-metallism, SHAKSPEARE and the musical glasses; relations, too, had sometimes pointed out how much better employed I might be building a hen-house; but never had I dreamed that my besetting weakness—if you will have it so—would be held a thing contrary to the public interest. Which of my latest lucubrations had brought me under this embargo? "How to tame Rabbits"—surely it couldn't be that?

Then—well, then I understood. It

was Wednesday afternoon, the statutory half-holiday under the Shops Act, and Mr. Buffin, having no assistant, was allowed to keep his shop open, but only on the understanding—so ran the stern fiat posted up behind the counter—"that he confined himself to the sale of perishable goods;" and penny bottles of blue-black ink (as distinguished from ounces of hardbake) are imperishable by Act of Parliament—or so Mr. Buffin interpreted the law.

"Mr. Buffin," I said, "I want ink, you want money; you have ink, I have money; and we are two strong men in the prime of life, and our forefathers fought for freedom."

* * * * *

I went out into the glorious sunshine. The blue smoke curled over the cottage roofs, the sparrows were taking a dust-bath in the deserted road. All looked as usual, and yet—something had changed. I had committed a crime. Worse—I had led another into crime.

And standing guiltily there, with my bottle of blue-black ink hidden from the policeman's sight, I seemed to foresee a dark wave of crime sweeping terribly through our quiet English hamlets.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

LIFE is, after all, just a mulcting and a being mulcted. But when I go into a shop to be traded upon I expect to be treated with respect, by way of compensation. And when I call on a Company to sign a form, by which I bind myself to be mulcted once a year till my dying day, I expect something very like reverence. To take only £18 p.a. off a man while he lives and to give him a whole £1,000 when he dies may seem to you to be the purest, if the most misplaced, philanthropy; but to me it was obvious, on entering the Head Office, that that luxurious and heavily marbled palace was not built out of Dead Loss. It was the proceeds of overcharging, and I was stepping inside to be overcharged. The last thing I expected therefore was to be treated with absolute contempt. . . . Eventually a mere clerk did ask me if my habits were sober and temperate, and took down my answer in writing. But he made no pretence whatever of believing it.

"Young man," I said, "where is your Principal? Is he aware that I am here, I who intend to make this Company an annual allowance of something approaching twenty pounds a year?"

The young man was no good at answering; his idea was to ask questions only.

"What is your age next birthday?" he pursued.

I took up a menacing attitude.

"Unless someone important comes and makes a fuss of me within five minutes I shall withdraw my favour," I said.

"Quite so," retorted the young man; "but have you ever suffered from measles, chicken-pox, mumps, scarlet fever, scarlatina or nervous breakdown? Have either of your parents ever suffered from measles, chicken-pox, mumps, scarlet fever, scarlatina or nervous breakdown? How many brothers and sisters have you? What are their respective ages?"

I answered him, in spite of his impertinence, because he was the only

man in the place who would take any interest in me, and the doctor who was to examine me had not yet arrived. But he did not have it all his own way; I scored one over my second sister's age next birthday. It is, I have since discovered, twenty-five; I put it at twenty-four, and he accepted my figure. I wonder how much in yearly premiums I have saved myself by that one successful lie?

The doctor was even worse. He only made me take off my coat and waistcoat in order to give him time to finish the conversation he was having with a sub-manager when we met. Nor was the conversation about me;

I opened my mouth to make a bitter retort or an important announcement. "Ah yes," said the doctor; "I suppose I ought to have looked at your tongue."

He seemed to think very little of it when he saw it.

There was no respect from the Pay-Desk Clerk, none from the Proposal-Form Clerk, and a gentleman in a fur coat (a Director, I have since learnt) asked me what the devil I was doing when I trod on his toe in the lift. After that there was not only no respect from the Lift Clerk, but a stare of the most marked disapproval and some

apparent hesitation on his part whether he would take me to the ground floor and the main entrance, or whether I ought to be dropped straight to the basement and disposed of by a back-door. The former being graciously permitted, I looked to the Commissionaire for at least a smile. This even I did not get.

"Very well," I expostulated, "I have a good mind to go and insure my life somewhere else."

He laughed defiantly. I might have my good mind, but when it came to a decision, whether or no I should insure with his office, it was clearly foolish for a little thing like me to pit myself

against a Huge Concern like that.

"You laugh," said I, "but you will not laugh when I have done my worst. I will pay my first premium of £18, and then I will die."

His face did not blanch. "We shall miss you, Sir," he said facetiously.

"You will miss your thousand pounds," I retorted.

"Not us," was all he troubled to reply. Well, well, I suppose he is probably right; but yet I cannot help thinking that, when my second £18 is due and I hang back, they will begin to sit up and take notice.

Mr. GUY NICKALLS in *The Morning Post* :—

"Some crews showed great dash, and crews like University, built on *Tinne*, considering their paper strength, really did admirably." What is the paper strength of a crew built on *tinne*?



DRAMA OF THE DAY.

BEN HUR TILLET.

LATEST SENSATION AT THE PORT OF LONDON THEATRE.

it was just golf. He was two up and three to play when I had my coat off; dormy two when I had my waistcoat off, and, if only he had halved the seventeenth hole instead of losing it, I doubt if he would ever have made me remove my shirt. Even then he turned to me quite without sympathy, just struck me a blow in the chest, extracted a ninety-nine, turned his back on me and started another round of golf with the sub-manager man.

"Are you aware, gentlemen," said I, "that I am practically financing this Insurance Company, and whether or not you two got your minimum wage depends almost entirely on whether or not I am secured as a patron?"

"Sliced?" said the sub-manager.

"Sliced!" said the doctor; and then, in an offhand manner to me, "You may put your clothes on again; I have done with you."

S.P.C.F.

"Look out where you're coming to!" said a fat old trout to a slim young one, who came blundering blindly up-stream. "Have you bought the river, or what?"

The youngster pulled up, and hung motionless, like a shadow in the boulder-strewn stream. Only his tail quivered feebly and when he spoke his voice was weak from exhaustion.

"No offence," he gasped; "but oh! I've had such a gruelling—swimming against the current for hours. I'm fairly cooked, and no wonder."

"What's the hurry?"

"What's the hurry indeed! If I hadn't put my best fin forward I should have been floating among the surface scum in the mill backwater wrong side up. That's what the rest of the crowd's doing."

"What crowd? Pull yourself together," said the old trout benevolently, "and tell me your trouble."

"Why, my crowd, of course—Pa, Ma, brothers, sisters, and all my friends and relations. Pipped off they did, without a word of warning. The water's white with 'em, and they're pulling them out by the pail, and manuring the fields with 'em. Turned up and died in thousands. Don't ask me why, for I can't tell you."

"Tar-tasting, my son," remarked the old trout; "that caused their funeral. All the fault of the motorists, as per usual. Tired of killing flesh and fowl, now they're having a go at the fish. You've saved your life by the skin of your gills. But you've come to the right spot now. This is the Squire's water."

"Who's the Squire?"

"Who's the Squire? Why, an S.P.C.F. man, that's who he is. He's so fond of us fish that he won't have the roads tarred in this district, and what's more he's got the District Council to back him up."

A tremor of gratitude vibrated the young trout's shape.

"Noble man!" he cried. "How can I recompense him for his kindness?"

"Well, perhaps you will find a way when you're a bit bigger, some grey morning with a dash of rain in it," said the elderly trout with a wink.

"Meanwhile," continued the youngster, "come with me into the shadow of that old stump on the bank yonder and tell me some more. But half a moment—I rather fancy that fly. You won't mind me having first grab, will you? I need some nourishment after all I've been through. See you later."

With that the young trout, with snapping jaws, leapt like a miniature silver sickle above the surface of the



"'ERE'S A NICE GO, FREDDIE. SOMEBODY'S BIN AND COLLARED OUR CORNER TABLE!"

stream, returning some five minutes later, pained, gasping and almost inarticulate.

"I've had a horrible experience," he ejaculated. "Am I awake, or was it all a nightmare? Did you see what happened?"

"I saw that old stump on the bank, as you call our dear Squire, hook you with a 'red palmer,' and throw you back to grow a bit bigger. He served me the same once; but I haven't given him another chance."

"Well, I've got a dashed sore mouth, that's all I know," cried the young trout resentfully. "If that's the Squire, give me a motorist."

"Nonsense," chuckled the old one; "you ought to be blessing your luck instead of cursing it. Come along with me, young fellow-me-lad, I'll show you the ropes of this place—or rather the lines. Remember the trout's motto,

'Once bit, twice shy,' and you'll live as long and grow as fat as your uncle."

So saying, with a flick of their tails the two shadowy trout faded away upstream, and the S.P.C.F. Squire trudged home with nothing but grass in his basket.

The Revival of Merrie England.

"Required immediately, well-educated Musical Girl able to dance to train for salaried post."

Advt. in "Morning Post."

Humming a merry stave we ourselves trip to our motor-omnibus daily, with the idea of retaining our salaried post.

"We regret that by an inadvertence the result of the three days' bazaar at the Cambridge Hall in aid of the Southport and Birkdale District Nursing Society last week resulted in a total sum of £1535 being raised for this society."—*Southport Visitor*.

An awkward *contretemps* which a little tact might have averted.

PSYCHIATRY.

[An American surgeon, by rearranging the brain cells of a patient, has entirely changed his disposition, and great expectations are being entertained of the future of psychiatric surgery.]

Oh, strange and marvellous the feats
That modern Surgery completes!
She tackles with the utmost ease
Superfluous appendices;
Your throat is sore? Behold your
throatle
Pickling in spirits in a bottle.
Your tummy aches? It comes out too;
And when there's nothing else to do
She adds to all your other voids
By taking out your adenoids.

But all the wonders of the past
Pale into nought beside the last.
Of old the surgeon was content
To mould your body to his bent,
But now it is his subtler rôle
To operate upon the soul.

Your disposition, once delightful,
Suddenly turns morose and frightful?
Your nerves go wrong, you start and
jump.

You grunt and grumble, grouse and
grump?

Just have your brain cells rearranged
And all your soul completely changed.
Call in the surgeon. Something's
shifted:

Come, let us have your frontal lifted—
A whiff of ether, and you'll find
Yourself with a seraphic mind.
Just mention what you want to be
And leave the rest, dear Sir, to me.

If, Mr. Surgeon, this is true,
Then great indeed my need of you;
I'll find you patients by the score
To wait in queues beside your door.
No longer need your soul be racked
With fears about the Insurance Act;
You'll be so busy that your gorge
Will cease to rise against LLOYD GEORGE.

First I would have you try your spells
Upon my Editor's brain cells;
I'd have you rearrange his pate
Until he thinks my verses great,
Wishes there were at least a score of
me,
And cries for more and more and more
of me.

Punch readers next to you should go
To have their brains set *comme il faut*,
And, these disposed of, all the nation
Should flock to you for operation,
Nor should they leave your table till
They're moulded to admire my skill.

As for myself, I've no intention
To try your marvellous invention.
If you are able, Sir, to model
The brains in every human noddle
To think my work divine, there'll be
No need to operate on me.

"OUR HANDBOOK."

MORE PUNGENT THAN MUSTARD,
CRISPER THAN CRESS.

[After "VANOC," in *The Referee*.]

THIS country of ours is full of golf-players, keepers of gold-fish and stamp-collectors; the times in which we live are degenerate; a mother's love is evanescent (this will probably provoke correspondence); and the hedgerow-nettle stings. The last time I climbed Mount Everest I thought of these things, for, on the summit of that Lofty Dome, there was nothing else to think of. TORQUEMADA, CONFUCIUS, BOADICEA and DANIEL LAMBERT—where are they now? (I mentioned ARISTOTLE last week.) The Window Tax was repealed on the 24th of July, 1851, but the Cabinet of misrule in 1912 continues on its path of desolating incompetence. The coral polyp, with infinite zeal, has built up island reefs in the South Pacific, to the end that the zealous missionary may have somewhere to land. DARWIN forgot this. The campanile of Pisa was completed in 1350 and has been leaning ever since; but the Crystal Palace is empty, and the proletariat of Great Britain reject compulsory military service. Which brings me to the second paragraph.

No city in the world can compare with London in size or population. Berlin has its statues; Moscow boasts a Kremlin; Venice abounds in canals, and Paris has many broad streets called Boulevards. They resemble Kingsway somewhat, but have houses on both sides. London, however, can point the finger of pride to her White City, and one may go the whole way to it in a taxi-cab without leaving the wood-paved roadway. AGAMEMNON offered IPHIGENIA as a sacrifice to Diana, and ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing-machine, sold his rights for £50; but it is no worthy spirit of emulation of these noble examples that prompts the Coalition Government to offer the people ninepence for fourpence. Times are changed, indeed; never was Income-Tax harder to recover; food is dearer; music-hall stars have to shine twice nightly in order to live; and present indications point to a wet disappointing summer. Yet this crapulous Government continues to hold office—"τίποτα, τίποτα," as a well-known member of the Opposition remarked a few days ago. It behoves us all, therefore, to study the Sunday papers. For, in the fulness of time, the Pyramids will crumble to dust, the energies of Vesuvius will be paralysed; the quadrature of the circle will be a banality of the Fourth Standard,

and the last horse-bus will accomplish its last journey to Victoria Station. Then, no doubt, the youth of England will take to learning commercial German, and the words of "VANOC" will be remembered.

A PHRASE.

FROM far Japan comes a little *Guide on Hakone*, written in English as well as he can by C. J. TSUCHIYA, and one of its phrases is so admirable that it should be put on record for inferior English scholars to imitate. Hakone, it should be premised, is a village of thermal springs situate on the top of Hakone mountain. The mountain was once a volcano, "but lately its activity became quite absent." The natural disposition of the villagers of Hakone is "gentle and honest," and "their mutual friendship is so harmonious as that of a family." The village is famous for its fresh air; "during the winter days the coldness robs up all pleasures from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free."

But now for the shining phrase. Hakone was the scene, thirty-odd years ago, of a decisive battle which gave feudalism its death-blow. The two contestants were the Lord of Odawara-Han, of the Imperial army, and the Lord of Bōshū, who stood for feudalism. For a while the Lord of Bōshū conquered, and he drove the enemy to the castle of Odawara, where they made themselves secure. He then advanced upon them, feeling certain of victory. But he had calculated badly, or, in Mr. C. J. TSUCHIYA's delightful words, "he missed unexpectedly his cogitation," with the result that the foe rushed out suddenly and defeated him.

Let us all take example from the Lord of Bōshū and endeavour, when we have a cogitation, to hit it.

CURING BY THINKING.

["For a bleeding nose *The Family Doctor* recommends just thinking that you are running up a flight of steps. This takes the blood from the head to the legs."—*Evening News*.]

FOR a badly cut foot it is a good plan to think you are standing on your head. This takes the blood from the feet to the head.

FOR prickly heat try to imagine for a moment that you are LLOYD GEORGE. This will bring you out into a cold sweat.

FOR a wasp-sting keep thinking that you are a strike-leader issuing "permits" and "manifestoes" all day long. This will give you such a swelled head that one little swelling more or less will make no difference.



Groom. "NOW, MASTER JACK, IF WE WAS TO MEET ANY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, HOW WOULD YOU SALUTE 'EM?"
 Little Boy. "SAME AS THE SOLDIERS DO; HOLD MY HAND UP TO MY HAT AND LOOK AS IF I WAS GOING TO BURST."

A SWANSEA SONG.

A Paraphrase with Variations.

FAR from the fog of St. Stephen's, which stifles a freeman's speech,
 Once more, O men of the Mountain, I step into the breach,
 To fire your flagging courage with my resounding screech.

The Saxon is always down on the Celt, and always ready to squelch

The fervid aspirations of the liberty-loving Welsh
 (Perhaps I should make an exception in favour of HARRY QUELCH).

While Cantuar collars our dollars, and Westminster gives it us hot,

While Tory barons evict our sons each from his father's plot,
 O my dear downtrodden brethren, ours is a parlous lot!

Their hands are dripping so freely with sacrilegious fat
 That they cannot grip the polo stick or wield the cricket bat;
 Yet they wish to deny to Taffy what they handed back to Pat!

Their very sideboards are piled roof-high with sacramental loot

(I doubt whether even Mr. URE its value could compute),
 Yet they grudge the rural toiler the housing fit for a brute.

(It's true that just for the moment I'm leagued with the Saxon CREWE,

A belted earl, an owner of mines, and an English churchman too;

But on Disestablishment he holds a most enlightened view.)

Ten thousand little English Tsars our chains and fetters forge;
 Ten thousand priests compel us our savings to disgorge;
 And we've only one limited monarch and one unlimited GEORGE.

My friends, I have given you counsel, as one of your kin and kith;
 But, if I'm unable to stir you to show your prowess and pith,
 The only other man in the world to do it is—Senator SMITH.

The Privileged Class.

Extract from the Rules and Regulations of Brompton Churchyard:—

"6. No person shall fight, quarrel, use . . . improper language, or call or shout in the paths or do anything likely to interfere with the services in the church.

7. No person shall throw any stone, or project any missile from a catapult, or discharge any firearm or firework.

14. Nothing in these rules and regulations shall limit or affect any of the rights and privileges of the Vicar and Churchwardens for the time being of the Church of Holy Trinity, Brompton."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will perhaps please note.

"Yuan-Shi-Kai has cut off his pig-tail, thus discarding the service of Munchu servitude which he politely wore while he was arranging for the abdication of the dynasty." Is this the most momentous sensorial operation since Delilah shore the locks of Samson?—*Lahore Tribune*. Probably.

Facing the Future.

From a sermon by the Bishop-elect of TRURO to his congregation at Birmingham, as reported in *The Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"Let them also pray for themselves, for they would soon have a new vicar."

A NEW DRAMATIST.

SIR ALGERNON FARLEY, the popular actor-manager, in company of the famous playwright, Mr. Bellamy Partington, had gone on his annual vacation to take the fashionable waters of Pumpenstein. Sir Algernon loathed publicity, and had over and over again pointed out to interviewers that lack of privacy was the bane of an actor's calling. In accordance therefore with his known wishes, his press-agent had caused to be circulated in every newspaper in the United Kingdom the statement that Sir Algernon had gone abroad and that no letters would be forwarded to him; and it was clearly by inadvertence that the actual address of his retreat was inserted. The secret, however, could not in any case have been long suppressed; it must at an early date have found its way into the columns of Court and Society news, so fierce is the light that beats upon the movements of genius.

Sir Algernon and Mr. Partington were sitting over their coffee and liqueurs in the lounge of the Hôtel Carlton et des Étrangers Distingués when a telegram was handed to the former. The knight glanced at it, muttered a stage-oath, and tossed it to Mr. Partington, who in turn gave suitable dramatic expression to his surprise and chagrin.

The telegram was from Mr. Debenham Courtois, Sir Algernon's business-manager and confidential adviser, who did everything for him except the playing of his rôles; and there were those, himself included, who thought that he might have compassed even this feat in an emergency.

It stated that the revival which had been mounted as a stop-gap pending the rentrée of the actor-manager was itself moribund, and that the theatre would have to be closed unless Sir Algernon saw his way to the production of a successor at an earlier date than had been intended.

Confident of the running powers of the revival, Sir Algernon, in the hurry of departure, had not discussed with his business-manager the question of his next new play, which was the work of Mr. Partington, and entitled *A Fated Life*. But in the leisure snatched from those social engagements which are among the penalties of greatness he had, during his holiday, already begun studying his part with the author, and suggesting many personal touches by which his own part might be made more prominently effective before its ultimate "creation."

"It looks," said Mr. Partington, "as if you would have to cut short your

time here and return at once to start rehearsals."

"That," said Sir Algernon, "is unthinkable. I owe it to the public not to curtail my rest-cure;" and he knitted his brows in profound thought.

At last, "I have it," he said. "I have left behind me a duplicate manuscript of your play. I will wire to Courtois to cast the parts and do all the preliminary work in advance of my return. Invaluable man, Courtois."

Then Sir Algernon summoned a *chasseur* and despatched the following telegram: "Put *A Fated Life* in rehearsal at once. Leave everything to you. Will return in a fortnight in time to take up my part."

"That's settled," he said, "and we can stay out our full time here."

A fortnight later the two strolled unobtrusively into the theatre during the progress of rehearsal. They sat down and listened; then they looked at one another.

"Do you recognise this?" said the actor-manager.

"Not a syllable of it," said the playwright.

"What in the name of — is all this, Courtois?" cried Sir Algernon with his customary restraint of manner.

"The play you wired to me to put on," replied Courtois. "Took three hours to find it in all that stack of dusty manuscripts."

"And what in thunder do you call it?" said Sir Algernon.

"The same as you called it," replied the indignant manager; "*A Fated Wife*."

The exchange of amenities which followed is not for reproduction. Ultimately the telegram was produced, and there—due, no doubt to the innate stupidity of an exotic operator—were these identical words. It had so chanced that, among the mass of unread manuscripts with which Sir Algernon's repositories were stuffed, there lay *perdu* a play of this very name by an unknown author, Mr. Vernon Vaughan, and the indefatigable Courtois had dug it out.

What course was to be adopted at such a crisis in the affairs of the metropolis? To drop the play and start rehearsing Mr. Partington's would mean the indefinite postponement of a first night already announced to an expectant world; it would mean a blow to Sir Algernon's reputation for keeping faith with the public.

Happily, young Vaughan's play seemed passable (though you could never tell); anyhow, its most patent faults of inexperience could be remedied. Mr. Partington, secure in his

tenure of fame, could afford to be generous, and so waived his right of priority. To do him justice he did not foresee that the success of the unknown writer's play would keep his own in suspension for the best part of a twelve-month.

"Mr. Chairman, my lord-duke, my lords, ladies and gentlemen," said Sir Algernon, rising to respond to the toast of his health at a banquet of the Onpushers, six months after the events narrated above, "I must disclaim any exceptional merit, such as your President would impute to me, for the discovery of our new dramatic genius. I am sure that my brother-managers, equally with myself, leave no stone unturned in the process of prospecting for hidden talent. We read faithfully every manuscript submitted to us; and I say, as I have always said, 'Let the Unacted take heart. Let them continue to send in their works to the actor-managers of our great theatres, assured that they will be carefully read and conscientiously considered.' We are always keenly on the look-out for new Pineros, for budding Barries, for incipient Sutros—(applause)—and the days are gone by—if they ever occurred—when manuscripts were suffered to lie untouched in managerial cupboards. And, if any play, by however obscure a writer, possesses but a fraction of the merit of that of my young friend Mr. Vernon Vaughan, its author may have absolute confidence that no manager will be so careless of his duty to the public, so insensible of his own needs, as to ignore or overlook the promise that lurks within it." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

What to do with our Brooks.

"When, after much service, a brook becomes shorter on one side than the other, and the ends of the straws as sharp as needles, dip it in hot water, and trim it down quite evenly with the shears."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

If the emergency ever arises we shall remember.

"Mammoth flags craned their necks over dizzy parapets, while smaller emblems sought a precarious foothold on flimsy perches. It was a laughing town."

Kettering Evening Telegraph.

Callous Kettering, that could laugh so heartlessly when the smaller emblems were in such danger.

"Faulkner remained undefeated up to the close, and took out his bat for the top score of the match—122. . . . It seemed a bit surprising that Gregory should have put him in first in the second innings, for he was obviously tired."

Daily Mirror.

Still more surprising that MITCHELL didn't put on BARDSLEY and CARKEEK to bowl for the South Africans.



Tripper (crossing from England to Denmark). "CAN YOU SPEAK THEIR LINGO?"

Professor. "YES, IT'S NOT VERY UNLIKE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW. THE DANES LEFT THEIR MARK BEHIND THEM WHEN THEY INVADDED ENGLAND."

Tripper. "THE DANES INVADDED ENGLAND! WHAT INFERNAL CREEK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Eve (CONSTABLE) is one of those books that you begin by liking much, and admiring slightly, and end by admiring enormously—and hating. At least that has been my case. During the earlier chapters of Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS' new story, I told myself that I must really start for Holland next week, if only on the off-chance of encountering such delightful persons as the *Melissants*, and so charming a circle as that in which *Eve* grew up. Now, when I have finished the story, the thought of Holland gives me just the same shivery distaste as would any place where something very sad and terrible had happened to friends whom I knew intimately, and loved. I certainly loved the *Melissants*, father and mother—called "the children" by their offspring, who adored them with a kind of careless patronage—and all the pleasure-loving, pagan household at *Sans-Souci*. It was from here that *Eve* went, at nineteen, to marry *Rutger Knoppe*, who was nearing forty, and to share the so-different home that he had inherited. You see the whole looming tragedy afar. It is no new thing—one of the oldest stories in the world—but somehow Mr. MAARTENS has told it with fresh poignancy. It is all quite horribly real; beginning with the inevitable clash of temperaments, and ending—as you shall read for yourself, hardly, I think, unmoved. Altogether, a strikingly clever novel; certainly not a pleasant one. Of its crowd of characters, some of them rather shadowy and indistinct, none stands out more compellingly in retrospect than the police-dog *Sherlock*, a figure new to fiction, almost humanly sinister, the detective incarnate. No, I shall not go to Holland.

The fiction-reading public likes its literature in solid

slabs, the bulkier the better; and I do not predict a "best selling" success for the stories and sketches of the late RICHARD MIDDLETON which have been published by FISHER UNWIN under the title, *The Ghost Ship*, with an excellent preface by Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN. It is not a book that will be borrowed by the many, but it will be bought and preserved by the few. "Richard Middleton," says Mr. MACHEN, "knew that there was a puzzle; in other words, that the universe is a mystery; and this consciousness of his is the source of the charm of *The Ghost Ship*." That, I think, is as near as one can get to a satisfactory criticism of these sketches. Superficially, they are slight; but at the back of them there is something vast, which it is impossible to put into words. The first of the collection, for instance, might be classed as just an admirable burlesque, but for the something which gives it dignity and spaciousness. *Captain Bartholomew Roberts*, who comes in his private ghost-ship to peaceful Fairfield and saps the morals of the respectable ghosts which inhabit the place, so that in the end they all sail away with him, singing and fiddling on the deck, on some scoundrelly buccaneering expedition, is one of the great spectres of fiction. Of the other sketches I liked best those that did not deal with the supernatural. Many authors would have taken three hundred pages to reveal as much of the soul of an abnormal child as Mr. MIDDLETON gives us in twenty. "The New Boy" is a masterpiece.

I have read the "adventures" of detectives professional and amateur, of thieves male and female, of doctors, financiers, and even of the precocious flapper, but *The Adventures of Miss Gregory* (DENT) were something new to me. An English spinster, severely coiffed, stalwart, sister of a General, "always the lady," and upwards of fifty years of

age, is the last person you would expect to find having experiences and getting mixed up in other people's crises on the East African coast or in the Russian interior. I do not suggest that this class, as it exists, is dull or lacks initiative; indeed, no man, who numbers among his acquaintance one of these sweet and competent old bodies, would dispute the fitness of things which provided so many curious and dangerous situations for *Miss Gregory* to deal with, or would accuse Mr. PERCEVAL GIBBON of exaggeration in endowing her with the energy to seize her sporting opportunities and the ability and resource to achieve so many successful issues. No; what I mean is that, when a card-sharper's suicide, a royal elopement or a conflict with a slave-dealer is afoot, this is not the sort of *deus ex machina* that one looks for in a novel. I congratulate Mr. GIBBON on having struck a new line of adventurer. To maiden ladies of lineage and mature years we can, without grudge or incredulity, allow that unerring judgment and infallible power which are necessary to heroes and heroines of such a series of incidents; but we know that they have one fault, that they lack something, as the author in this case most ingeniously and subtly hints in the last sentence of his last chapter. For myself, I never want to read a more finished, studied, yet deliciously exciting set of adventures.

My chief difficulty in criticising *The Chief Constable* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is, though I'm sorry to have to confess it, that I found it almost impossible to get up any real interest in the characters. I didn't at all mind the fact that Mr. VINCENT BROWN had made them, practically every one, as disagreeable as could be; indeed, I rather admired him for this. When, in the early chapters, I was introduced to the widowed Mrs. Lumley and found her and her two despicable sons living on the bounty of old Mr. Broxworth, an aged invalid who had taken a sick man's fancy to Beatrice Lumley, the daughter, I thought them at least human. And when Lewis Lumley, the chief and most unpleasant brother, upbraided Beatrice for not having persuaded her old patron to marry her, and thus ensure the future of her relatives, I gave him what credit was possible. But when, immediately afterwards, old Broxworth is reported to have died at Hyères, and Lewis not only pretends that the marriage has taken place, but actually bullies his sister (surely the poorest-spirited heroine on record) into not contradicting him, my sympathy with the family suffered a shock from which it never wholly rallied. Naturally what happened was that, though the tale was believed locally for a while, demand for proof on the part of the remaining Broxworths—who were, if possible, more uninviting than the Lumleys—simply crumpled it up. Beatrice, however, didn't seem to mind much; and, having now happily got rid of Lewis, she decided to marry the chief constable of the county, who had pervaded the story hitherto in a vague manner that hardly justified its being called after him; and frankly I was glad to see the last of them.

The Radium Terrors describes in chief (A. DORRINGTON writes it) a radium thief—A smart Jap doctor who, I should say, is a masterpiece in the swindling way. He builds a Home where folk may come To be cured with his stolen radium, And fills it with patients of wealth and name Whom he himself has contrived to maim. The scheme is scotched in the end, of course, By one of a private detective force—The youngest recruit—who plays his part In spite of an ultra-tender heart. The tale, thus potted, seems absolute trash, But it isn't so dusty for two bob (NASH).

Whatever Mr. ROBERT HERRICK in the future cares to write I propose to read, for he is a novelist on a big scale. *The Healer* (MACMILLAN) is a long book and contains much American spelling, but its psychology is sound and its story captivating. The hero (and healer) is a doctor who has gone into the wilds and established a reputation for

almost magical skill. Into this neighbourhood a fashionable American family comes for a holiday, and when the daughter meets with an accident her life is saved by this "uncouth backwoodsman." Healed and healer fall in love, and he builds a home for her in his beloved wilds. There is a haunting beauty in the description of the early months of their married life, but antagonism between these different natures soon begins. Under her influence the little hospital designed for the poor develops into a fashionable sanatorium. He is discovered by plutocrats and professional invalids, who succeed in making him at once rich and wretched. Civilisation irks him, and he loses both what is personal in his healing power and all love for his wife. The only fault to be found in the handling of this remarkable story is that the author shows too little sympathy with the wife, for it must be confessed that her husband was easier to love than to live with. The book, however, is one to read, for although Mr. HERRICK speaks at times with exceeding frankness he cannot be accused of salacity. He has very definite opinions and an attractive way of expressing them.

Thoughts Better Unexpressed.

"Red Rose" in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle* :—

"Even A. H. Hornby, who is not often heard in the role of a grumbler, felt that the conditions were more suitable to chasing red reynard over Cheshire's plains than outwitting the ruddy rascal whose twisting turns and weird ways drive some batsmen to despair—the most fatal drive of all."

We hope he didn't say so.

From a French paper :—

"An Stock-Exchange, tous les boursiers ont entonné le *God Save the King*."

We must protest against this total misrepresentation of our national aspirations.



Auctioneer. "GENTLEMEN, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! ONLY FOUR-AND-SIX OFFERED FOR A GENUINE REMBRANDT! IT'S AN INSULT TO THE MEMORY OF A GREAT ARTIST! WHY, WE SOLD ONE LAST WEEK FOR THIRTY-FIVE SHILLINGS!"